

*Collected  
&  
Perfect.  
1798.*

D R I T A H C O N S

# H U M O U R S

O F

## P O R T S M O U T H,

O R,

### All is Well, that ends Well.

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# F A M O U S

O F

## T H R E E A C T S

*First Edition.*

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By T R U E B L E U.

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L O N D O N.

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*Leadenhall-street*; where Tradesmens Bills are Printed off  
Copper-plates, and at the Letter-press. 1768.

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

Lord *Modish*, Capt. of the Navy.

Sir *William Blunt*, ditto.

Capt. *Soakwell*, an Honest Freeman.

Lieut. *Airy*, belonging to *Modish's* Ship.

Lieut. *Trueman*, belonging to Sir *William Blunt's*.

Purser *Freeman*, belonging to *Modish's* Ship.

Boatswain *Whistle*, ditto.

Carpenter *Ride*, ditto.

*Trip*, Coxswain to Capt. *Soakwell*.

Coxswain *Jolly*, belonging to Sir *William's*.

Several Seamen belonging to the Barges.

Priest and two Bailiffs.

### W O M E N.

Lady *Gay*, admired by Lord *Modish*.

Miss *Wiseman*, a young Lady of Fortune,  
in Love with Sir *William Blunt*.

Widow *Bluster*, Courted by Capt. *Soakwell*.

*Pinwell*, Lady *Gay's* Maid.

*Snuff*, Maid to Widow *Bluster*.

*Lucy*, Maid to Miss *Wiseman*.

731

THE  
HUMOURS  
OF  
PORTSMOUTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter BOATSWAIN WHISTLE, and CARPENTER RUIAL

BOATSWAIN. Good-morrow Carpenter, I was  
d---nably Drunk last Night, the Flip was too  
Strong, I think Chip the Head is made of Iron for  
nothing can penetrate it.

Why I cou'd Whistle thee Drunk! --- let  
me see, we had but twenty Cans of Flip, and two Barrels of  
Punch among six of us, a meer trifle indeed; I was not near  
my Bearing; but Whistle, did not our Cookswain say we were  
to wait on Lord Medish our noble Captain this Morning?

Boatswain. Yes, and told us likewise, Honest Foreman our  
Purser wou'd be here to Day from London, he has been much  
miss'd, that da---ed Quill, the Captain's Clerk does not do  
our poor Thes justice, they've complained to me several Times,  
but I told them the Purser would be here soon, and then he  
would make all Things agreeable to them, for what he comes  
by Neptune he has rode fast.

A 2

Enter

Enter PURSER FREEMAN, *Roasted.*

*Freeman.* Gentlemen I am glad to see you, how does our noble Captain do, and all our brave Fellows; I hope they have wanted nothing in my Absence.

*Rule.* By the Sheet-Block, that Captain's Clerk has not done them justice, and in our Account you know *Whistle*, he has charged two Pieces of Beef more, and two of Pork than we had.

*Boatswain.* Hold thy foolish Tongue *Rule*, never mention such Trifles, all Things will be well, by, and by.

*Freeman.* On my Word Gentlemen, and Brother Officers I desired Mr. *Quill* as my Steward was Green in the affair, so be sure to do every Man justice, and you much surprise me, but I shall examine the Accounts, and if any Thing is wrong, I shall rectify it with Pleasure, it was never my desire to do any unjust Thing, and I look upon that Man that would wrong a poor Sailor out of his Allowance, would if he had a fair opportunity rob a House; but my Friends, our Landlord Red-Face, told me our Captain waited for you at his House, be kind enough to acquaint his Lordship of my arrival, and that I am gone on Board; and when I am dressed, I will wait on him. *(Exit Freeman.)*

*Boatswain.* *Freeman's* true Blue every Inch, I really believe there's never a Man in the Ship except his Lordship, and his Clerk but what loves him.

*Rule.* Egad they have very good reason; for he spends enough upon them; but Brother Boatswain is it not time to wait on our Captain.

*Boatswain.* Blood and Thunder, yes, lets away, one Dram to father Red-Face, and then I can speak to His Lordship boldly. *(Exit.)*

Enter Lord MORRIS, and Lieut. ARRY.

*Lord Morris.* *Arry* have you seen those lawless Rascals, the Boatswain and Carpenter, I told my Coxswain *Yellow* to acquaint

( 5 )

acquaint them to attend me here by ten. *(Look at his Watch,)*  
 Lieut. *Airy*. I suppose my Lord they will not exceed your  
 Lordships Commands, it wants half an hour of ten my Lord.

Lord *Modish*. We are ordered to the Northward *Airy* and  
 how shall I manage my affairs with Lady Gay; you must carry  
 this Letter to her, and I shall follow soon after: *Threes Thousand*  
*and Pounds*, its worth fighting for *Airy*; ha, ha, ha! and  
 will make amends for a few years advance in Age. *(Gives him*

*a Letter,*

*Airy*. Without doubt your Lordship knows the Lady and  
 Merit, with a good Fortune, few Noblemen would refuse; I  
 shall be like Mercury to serve your Lordship.

*Modish*. So do good *Airy*; — If I get her *in* before I go,  
 it will do; my Estate and Commission fees will answer the  
 Company I keep; but hear comes the Penny Dogs.

*Enter Boatwain* WHISTLE and *Carpenter* ROAR.

*Modish*. Well I see you are come at last.

*Boatwain and Carpenter*. But 'tis some Minutes after the  
 Time.

*Modish*. I sent for you to tell you, that I am ordered to the  
 Northward, by their Lordships; so you must get your Stores  
 in as soon as possible.

*Boatwain*. My Lord, the few Stores I want I shall com-  
 plete this Day.

*Rule*. My Lord, I shall go on Board, and as I think the  
 Ship wants no more Stores then I have at present taken an  
 Account off, I shall get all ready by To-morrow.

*Modish*. Before you both do, that their may be no want  
 when you come to Sea; which I have known too often the  
 Case. — Both your Lordships most obedient.

*(Exit*  
*Boatwain and Carpenter.*

*Re-enter Boatwain.*

I beg your Lordship's Pardon: Mr. Freeman our Purser, is  
 just arrived from London, and gone on Board to Dress, and  
 desired

delivered me to acquaint your Lordship he would wait on you every soon.

*Madish.* Tell him, that I want him much Boatwain.  
*Boatwain.* I'll instantly obey your your Lordships Commands.

*Madish.* Their Dogs was drunk last Night, I see by their Eyes; but here comes *Freeman*.

*Enter Purser FREEMAN.*

*Freeman.* I am your Lordships most obedient, I have been on Board my Lord, and thank God, I hear of no Complaints since my absence.

*Madish.* So much the better Purser, but here take this Letter, I received from the Board, and you must Visual the Ship for three Months, we are ordered you see to the Northward.

*[Gives the Letter.]*

*Freeman.* I see my Lord you are, I shall go to the Agents to Day, and give in my demand for the Visualing; I am your Lordships most devoted.

*[Exit Freeman.]*

*Madish.* I see *Freeman* has got himself new rigg'd; the Fellow looks tollerable well, if he did not Chew that nasty Tobacco. I must go to my Lady Guy, or she will dear Thirty Thousand Pounds.

*[Exit.]*

**SCENE, Lady Guy's Parlor.**

*Enter Lady GAY, and Lieut. ALBY.*

*Lady Gay.* (Rings the Bell, Mr. Alby, Pray which Wine do you Chuse, White or Red, Brandy or Arrack.

*Enter PINWELL.*

*Pinwell.* Did your Ladyship call.

*Lady Gay.* Mr. Alby, I am surprized you See fairing Gentlemen

[ 7 ]

Gentlemen should be so Gay before you speak, which do you Chuse.

Lieut. *Airy*. A Glass of white Wine, if your Ladyship pleases.

Lady Gay. Fetch a Bottle of Madiera Pinwell, some Naples Biskets, and two Glasses on the Gift Silver.

Pinwell. I shall obey your Ladyship instantly. *(Exit)*

Lady Gay. I can't say Lieutenant but my Lord's sudden Departure startles me a little, but when the King Commands, the Subjects must obey.

*Enter PINWELL with Wine.*

Lady Gay. Put them down.—*(Exit Pinwell.)* Pray Mr. *Airy* help yourself without Ceremony.

Lieut. *Airy*. I shall my Lady, your Ladyship's good Health, and my Lords.

Lady Gay. I thank you Lieutenant, his Lordship says he would be here soon.

Lieut. *Airy*. On my life he will my Lady, I believe his Lordship is much troubled, he is ordered away in so much Hurry: But see his Lordship where he comes.

*Enter Lord MONTEN.*

Monten. Lady Gay, I joy to see your Ladyship in good Health, and how Angelick she looks, *O mon dieu*, we must Part dear Lady, but I hope not before the Ceremonies of the Church are perform'd: *Airy*, you must go to the Ship instantly, and see all the Stores are compleated, and hurry the Officers as much as possible.

Lieut. *Airy*. I shall my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient: my Lady your most devoted. *(Exit.)*

Monten. My dear Angel, I must have one Salute, you ravish my very Soul. *(Goes to Kiss her.)*

Lady Gay. O! fy my Lord, you put me to the Blush, your Lordship-Kisses so long you take ones Breath away: well my

my Lord, I find I can't resist your Lordship's Love as well  
give you my Hand. (Gives her Hand)

Modish. Thou best of Ladies, and now Partner of myself,  
let us once more Embrace; Salutes. Cursed be my Fate. I  
must leave you, but this Moment I'll go to doctor Money, and  
this very Day we will be firmly United.

Lady Gay. Heaven direct you. (Exit Lord Modish.)

Enter PINWELL.

Lady Gay. Ha, ha, ha, did thou not here his loving  
Lordship, Pinwell.

Pinwell. Yes, my Lady, and laugh'd in my Sleeve to  
think how cock sure my Lord is of *Thirty Thousand Pounds*.  
I am glad he is so agreeable to be Married, for the Landlord  
and Tallyman have both been here, but I have given them a  
Trifle, and promised them all To-morrow.

Lady Gay. Thou hast done well, Pinwell, those mercen-  
nary Dogs, there's no stopping their Mouths without Money,  
but Pinwell thou must get my Trollope, the Crimson Laced  
one, I look best in that, and the Head Dress à Paris, then his  
Lordship will long for the Ceremony.

Pinwell. Of all the Gills in *Portsmouth*, my Lady Gay  
bears the Bell, (Aside) on my Life my Lady there's no fear of  
the Game, when the scent is good, you may depend you have  
given him a Dose, he Sigh'd as he left the House, and looked  
back three Times, which is a lucky Omen; but 'twill be  
Time your Ladyship thinks of getting all Things ready a-  
gain the Parson comes.

Lady Gay. Right, for now I think on't the Trollope is  
at Pinchwell, the Pawn Broker. (Exit.)

### SCENE, III.

Enter Sir Wm. BLUNT, and Lieut. TRUMAN.

Sir William. Does thou really think Truman, that Miss  
Wideman is in Love, Poor Girl I pity her, for Honourable  
Love

Love requires a reciprocal one; but while the War holds, I think it quite imprudent for a Sea-faring Gentleman to tie himself to a Wife.

Lieut. *Trueman*. Then what will become of the young Ladies, I am of opinion Captain we ought all to Marry, for as so many brave Men die in the Bed of Honour, we ought to get Children to support the Credit of their Fathers.

Sir William. I can't say but there is a great disproportion in the Monthly Bills of Mortality, between the Christnings and Burials.

Lieut. Trueman. And Captain, I assure you that the Personal Virtues of Miss *Wilman*, is much above many of her Sex, besides a Fortune join'd to those Perfections: I should think qualifies her for a Peer of the Realm: O ye Gods! did the dear Charming Creature but love me, as I know she does you Captain, on my Honour I should think myself the happiest Man in the Kingdom, but I have done, 'tis not my Duty to direct, or give advice to my Superiors, therefore I humbly crave your Pardon Captain for giving myself so much liberty.

Sir William Blunt. Trueman, I like thy honest intentions, and as you sometimes see that Lady, tell her I am her Slave, and that Hyman shall soon crown our felicity.

Lieut. *Truman*. I shall do that happy embassy with the utmost satisfaction noble Captain; that happy union you will never repent, but I shall fly to the Lady on this very occasion. (Exit)

Sir William Blunt. - I have weighed the matter thoroughly, and a Lady of Fortune, merit, and Beauty is not to be refused, these Iron days do not afford many such offers; my Time is come; I must to the Admiral upon a Court-martial. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

**Enter TRIP, and Two Sailors.**

*Trip.* Our noble Captain, has given me a Crown for me to drink, he was in a charming humour, I believe the Widow

( 10 )

has given her consent, away to Redface, my Lads, and there you'll see the rest of the Barge's Crew, here Tom take the money, (give the Crown) don't get Drunk, you know our Captain, tho' he loves a Glass, rates to see us Drunk.

Tom. Come Jack let's away to Redface, and Booz the Can, till we make his d--- n'd Redface like the Yell Moon, come Mun, come Mop, Ser, and Kate, they are all there, d--- n thee come along, Coxswain we shall wait there for you.

Jack. D--- n thee Tom give us a tow with thee, or by the sheet anchor I will bring the two; d--- n it, who but wou'd save the King, none lives like us Jack Tars, Booz the Can, kill our Lasses, get Drunk, and then turn into sleep; Coxswain, we are bound to Father Redface, and there we shall wait your orders.

Tom. Do my good lads, 'tis true what my Lord said, we Sailors get our Money like Horses, and spend it like asses; but here comes my Noble Captain.

Enter Capt. SEAKWELL.

Seakwell. Well Tris, I hope thou gave the men the Crown, o drink my Health, and told them not to get Drunk.

Tris. I obey'd your honours orders to a tittle, and they are all at Father Redface, waiting your commands.

Seakwell. That was well done, I hate to see a Man Drunk, you may go to them, and let them stay two Hours, and then hurry them on Board, and be ashore again by two in the Afternoon.

Tris. I shall and please your Honour, have you any commands on Board to Lieut. BROWN.

Seakwell. Yes; tell Brown to see that all the Officers Stores be compleated directly, and give the Ship a Heal, and get her as clear as possible, that we may Sail the better, and pick up some of the stragling Frenchmen, that are coming home from Saint Domingo, Fly Tris and obey my orders punctually.

Flip.

*Exit.* I shall in every respect, I am your Honour's Humble  
 Servant. *Exit Tristram.*

*Sentwell.* I will prefer this Fellow, he seldom gets drunk, let me see what says my Watch (looks) near Twelve. Had Widow, a Captain in the Royal Navy must never forfeit his Honour: but first to the Sun, one Bottle of Stout Madeira, will make me talk like *Cicero*, and a Man that courts a Widow, must have as much resolution as an Officer that leads a Garrison. *Exit.*

# SCENE V.

*Opens and Discovers Miss WISEMAN, and Lieut. TRUMAN sitting.*

*Miss Wiseman.* I am much obliged to you Mr. Truman for this friendly visit, and as Sir William is upon the point of Honour, he will not find his Conquest will cost him much pains my Fortune being at my own disposal, I have no Friend to fear, and the Character Sir William bears in the Navy, and his personal merit, I think may claim a Lady's Favour of a better Fortune than mine, I am not like those squeamish Ladies, who very often play with a Gentleman so long, that when they think they are sure of a Husband they find themselves mistaken, and a seafaring Captain has not the Time to spend in courtship, as Landed Gentlemen may have, such consideration I think Mr. Truman my Sex ought to consult, as you know Time and Tide waits for no Man.

*Lieut. Truman.* Indeed Madam your observation is most just, and I think a Gentleman and Lady by a months conversation, may know one another as well as one Year, and delays in Love affairs often prove unsuccessful.

*Miss Wiseman.* I am very glad so Judicious a Gentleman as Lieut. Truman jumps in opinion with me, please to acquaint Capt. Blunt, I shall be proud he will do me the Honour to drink Tea with me this Afternoon.

*Lieut. Truman.* I shall with pleasure dear Lady; and now take leave of you that I may speedily Fly with the a-

( 1 1 1 )

pleased now to my worthy Captain, I am Madam your most  
Obedient Son.

Miss Wiggins. Rings the Bell.

Lacy. Enter Lacy.

Lacy. Did you call Madam.

Miss Wiggins. Yes Lacy, mind to get my best set of China, and let the side Board be placed in order with all my Plate, get different sorts of Wines, Arrack, Rum, and Brandy, and be sure that every Bottle has the Silver Ticker of its quality.

Lacy. I shall obey your commands with the utmost diligence Madam; my life here is either a Sea or land Officer, coming a wooing. Death poor Lacy, thou must die an old Maid, on my life I won't, for if a Brisk Tar should come I will court him and.

Miss Wiggins. Love, Love, Love, thou noble Passion, and how happy are they when two fond Hearts in one unite.

Exit. A loud knocking is heard. Enter Lacy.

End of the First Act.

ACT, II.

( 43 )

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ACT, II. SCENE, I.

Enter Widow BLUSTER, and SNUFF.

*Widow Bluster.* Well *Snuff*? What thinks thou of honest Captain Soakwell.

*Snuff.* I think your ladyship has made a most glorious choice, he will fight for his King and Country and dare say he'll make a good Husband, and Madam you know a lady that Marries a Sea Captain, every Arrival of her Husbands, is a new Marriage.

*Widow Bluster.* Wench thou talkest as if thou hadst experienced the difference.

*Snuff.* Madam one may have some feeling of Affairs, tho' our Flesh may not be so tender as your Ladyships of Fortune.

*Widow Bluster.* Well *Snuff*, I'll assure you the Captain's Coxswain is a clever fellow, when I see him I will put the question to him, how he likes my Maid *Snuff*.

*Snuff.* Pray do Madam, I shall be highly obliged to your Ladyship, for the thoughts of your Ladyships Marrying has so set me a gog, that I must and will do the same, and a Sailor I love as my life, for when he's from home, I can chase who I please, and variety to a Woman is her souls delight. [Exit] I hope your ladyship if the Coxswain shou'd like me you will give us something towards housekeeping; you know Madam my Fortune is not very large, and believe my husband to be not very rich, so I fear after the honey-moon be over we shou'd wish ourselves in our former conditions, a little Money and much love goes a great way your ladyship knows.

*Widow Bluster.* Very true *Snuff*, but don't you know the Captain's Coxswain has Midshipman's pay, and in his Ship has One Pound Twelve a Month, I believe Six-pence more, would not that be a great help *Snuff*.

*Snuff.*

*Snuff.* Undoubtedly Madam, and my frugality and industry, with a little of your ladyship's favour may do; and now and then a piece by the by, a slice off a cut loaf is never missed. *Aside.*

*Widow Blaffer.* Indeed *Snuff* I shall not be wanting to give you proper encouragement; as I hope you will make a good poor Man's Wife.

*Snuff.* God forbid else, a poor Man's Wife lack a day; I dare say I have given as much pleasure to a Gentleman as ever her ladyship did. *Aside* and more I can Sew, Knit, Quilt, and Snuff with e're a Chambermaid in *Portsmouth*, or *Gasport*; and something else too and please your ladyship. *(Courtesying)*

*Widow Blaffer.* Whats that pray, take *Snuff*.

*Snuff.* Say my Prayers, and please your ladyship. *(Courtesying)*

*Widow Blaffer.* I must confess I always took thee to be a good Girl, and *Snuff* a Woman must be very circumspect in this Town to keep herself from slanders, when so many ships lays here. Hark! I hear the Bell Toll, get my things ready to go to Church.

*Snuff.* Yes Madam, will your ladyship please to have your Cardinal that is lined with Ermin.

*Widow Blaffer.* To be sure this cold weather, and put the little Bottle of Ratafia upon the dressing table.

*Snuff.* I shall Madam, and fill it, it holds better than a pint, and the Devil a drops in it when she comes from Church, such she faints. *Aside and Exit.*

*Widow Blaffer.* Indeed this cold weather requires some comfort, and the service is long, that one is apt to think they have not some Drops of comfort. *Exit.*

#### SCENE II. *Discovers them Drinking.*

*Master FREEMAN, Boatswain WHISTLE, and Carpenter ROLL.*

*Freeman.* Well Gentlemen, I think I have taken a chearfull glass with you, however I'll fill y<sup>r</sup> bumper to the honest King. *King*

( 19 )

**King of Prussia**, and success to the War and our Fleet and Armies.

**Boatswain**. By G-d I'll pledge it in the name.

**Rule**. And Nick take me I'll be behind hand with you, here's the afore said, and down the French into the bargain, and down with the poor dogs that we are forced to cloath them.

**Freeman**. Well spoke brother **Rule**, that's War like, our Royal Master shews a pattern to the world of his humanity even to his Enemies, which can but please both God and Man: God send him long to reign, and that he may bring the French glad to come to offer terms of Peace at his court at London, then indeed we may expect an honourable and lasting Peace, but your *Hague*, *Utrecht*, and *Aix-la-Chapelle*, are not good for English Stomachs.

**Boatswain**. **Parfer**, we have a Gentleman at the Helm, I hope will safely Pilot the French here, I think we do him wrong we have not drank his Health in a bumper, here's the Honourable and worthy Mr. **Pier**.

**Parfer**. I'll pledge it with all my soul.

**Rule**. And by the Main-mast I will not fall; By Jove **Parfer**, it runs down so glib, that it seems to tell me fear not success from that great Man's Blood our Captain, how he looks.

*Enter Lord Motion.*

**Modish**. **Parfer**, I am obliged to look for you, instead of your waiting upon me; what do you mean by it Sir.

**Parfer**. I was at the *Blue Posts*, and your Lordship was not there, must I look at every House for your Lordship.

**Modish**. I expect you should Sir till you find me; you Sir's Boatswain and Carpenter go to your Ship, they both sneak off.

*Boatswain and Carpenter Exit.*

**Parfer**. I think my Lord you use them Gentlemen very ill and me too.

**Modish**. You are a low life fellow, Be, Be, Be G-d, and I'll report you.

**Parfer**. Your Lordship is my superior, therefore I must be silent, but your Lordship knows thoughts are free; my Lord I have

I have served the Royal Navy longer than your Lordship, and no Captain ever said so to me when I was a petty Officer.

*Modib.* No God I'll do for you.

*Ring's the Bell, Enter Drawer.*

*Modib.* What's the reckoning here.

*Drawer.* Ten Shillings my Lord.

*Parfer.* I wish your Lordship pays nothing here, you never drank and I am sufficient for to pay the wine; begone *Exit Drawer.*

*Modib.* You are a proud Fellow, and pride shall have a fall.

*Parfer.* Your Lordship may use your pleasure, where there is no love, there's no liking my Lord, but I thank God your Ship wants for nothing in my way, and I do your self, Officers, and Men Justice, and therefore I have nothing to fear.

*Modib.* You shall find your mistake, and take care I don't find a whole in your skirt Mr. *True Blue.* *Exit in a Passion.*

*Parfer.* Poor young Nobleman, I fear his Miss has not pleased him last night; D—n it, that I must be obliged to submit to such treatment.

If there be a Man! Ye, Gods I ought to hate,  
Dependence and Attendance be his Fate;  
May he still bask in, and in a Crowd,  
Be very much a Slave, and very Proud.

I am d—n'd mad, but I'll to Father Redface, and there I shall meet the honest Boatwain, and Carpenter, for I tip them the whole not to go on Board, and they know my signal. *Exit.*

### SCENE III. ACT II.

*A Dressing Room, Lady GAY, and PINWELL.*

*Gay.* Don't I look charmingly now *Pinwell*, since I put on this paint.

*Pinwell.* Most ravishing my Lady, his Lordship won't be long 'er he comes, for I saw his Coachman, and he told me he was

was

( 17 )

was in a very ill humour, he had words with Purser *Freeman*, but he was sure his Lordship wou'd be as good as his word, for the Ship was to fall in the morning, and he wou'd make sure of you this Night.

*Lady Gay*. That's good news indeed, but I am very sorry for Purser *Freeman*, you know *Pinwell* 'tis him I may thank for this good Fortune.

*Pinwell*. I believe there is no love lost between his Lordship, and the Purser; the Coxswain says he was drinking with the Carpenter and Boatwain, and my Lord was affronted, he made those two Officers shear off at a Word, and a look, so young as he is, and told the Purser he would do for him, so at last there was pretty high words, and his Lordship went away in a great passion, that's all I know of the matter.

*Lady Gay*. Poor Gentleman, I suppose he wants his clerk to be Purser, that he may do as he pleases; but see here his Lordship comes.

*Enter Lord MODISH.*

*Modish*. I am my dear life and soul, thy entire slave, and will this Night enjoy the object of my Wishes, I have been with the Parson, and he will not fail coming; here my Angel (gives the Ring.) *(takes the Ring.)*

*Gay*. My Lord, I see your Lordship shoots well, you make sure of your Game, well 'tis surprizing so many Earls, Dukes, and Lords, have courted me, and I have refused such grand Matches for you my Lord; if you shou'd not make me a good Husband I shou'd break, break my poor Heart. *Weeps*

*Modish*. By Heaven she weeps; my dear Lady dry up those Tears, and let me wash them away with a warm Salute. *Kisses*

*Gay*. Oh! My Lord, Oh! Oh! You stop my breath.

*Modish*. I could dwell on these heavenly lips, till Time was no more, *Lady Gay rings the Bell*

C

*Enter*

Enter PINWELL.

*Pinwell.* Did your Ladyship call?

*Gay.* *Pinwell.* Bring in a Bottle of Ratafee, and a Bottle of Burgundy; mind those mark'd with the Silver Tickets, bring them on the Gold Salver with my Crest.

*Pinwell.* I shall obey your Ladyship. O most surprising impudence, not even *Millicent* the noted Jilt was a match for my noble Lady.

*Millicent.* Thank Heaven the Time will soon be here.

Enter PINWELL, with Wine.

*Gay.* Which does your Lordship chuse, Ratafee, or Burgundy.

*Millicent.* A little of both my dear soul; give me a Glass of Ratafee first, my Lady to our most happy enjoyment and a fine Heir.

*Gay.* Fye my Lord, you make me blush, however I'll pledge you in Burgundy, our mutual felicity my Lord, Oh! If you should not love me after Marriage, my Lord you'll break my Heart Oh!

*Pinwell.* My Lord, Oh! My Lady faints help her! help Oh! Oh!

*Millicent.* My Angel how are you now

*Gay.* Oh! Oh! A little, little better my Lord; Oh! *Pinwell* this Marriage to a Virgin is a shocking thing; give me half a Glass of Ratafee.

*Millicent.* I'll give it you my Lady, *(Fills half a Glass.)* well how now dear creature.

*Gay.* Thank God much better, this Ratafee is an admirable Stomack my Lord.

*Millicent.* Heaven be praised your Ladyship is better, I hope you'll excuse my absence, as I must prepare every thing for our Marriage, and send my Lieutenant word about the Ship and I am my soul and life yours Eternally.

*Gay*

## [ 19 ]

*Gey.* My Lord adieu, Heaven be your guide.

*Exit Lord Modish.*

*Well Pinwell,* what thinks thou, did I act my part well to my Lord Modish?

*Pinwell.* I assure you mock Ladyship so well, that ne'er a Coquet in Christendom cou'd exceed you; the Tea waits for your Ladyship.

*Exit.*

## SCENE IV. ACT. II.

*Enter Miss WISEMAN.*

*Wiseman.* This love is a strange passion; but thank heaven I hope I may rely on Lieutenant Truman's fidelity: 'tis now Tea time.

*Enter Lucy, in a great Hurry.*

*Lucy.* Madam prepare Sir William's at the Door.

*Wiseman.* Show him in, and get the Tea things ready in the best Parlour as I ordered.

*Exit Lucy.*

*Enter Sir WILLIAM BLUNT.*

*Blunt.* I am your Ladyship's most obedient: I suppose Madam my Lieutenant told you the purport of my visit.

*Wiseman.* Yes Sir William; which puts me to the blush, but I hope your goodness will excuse the weakness of our sex.

*Blunt.* Madam there is nothing like an honest frank mind it is always best, besides we gentlemen that use the Sea have no opportunities for long courtship, we cannot neglect the duty of our King and Country, without dishonour, and that to a gentleman that bears a commission in his Majesty's Royal Navy is worse than death.

*Wiseman.* It shou'd be so Sir William, and if all Captains were like you the French wou'd soon be brought to terms.

*Blunt.* But Madam, I must come to close quarters as to-morrow we sail: my real Estate is One Thousand per Annum,

*and*

and my commission as much; besides the chance of War, therefore my Lady if you approve of that I lay it and myself at your Feet. *(Bowling.)*

*Wife.* My Fortune Sir William is only poor Ten Thousand Pounds, therefore if you can like my person and that small trifle, 'tis at your Service, *(Courtesy)* but Tea is ready Sir William, and over Tea we will talk more on the subject and settle the matter.

*Blunt.* I'll follow my dear Lady where she pleases, O thou amiable Godlike Angel. *(Exit.)*

SCENE. V. ACT. II.

*Opens and discovers Capt. SOAKWELL, and Widow BLUSTER, the Coffee before them, they rise.*

*Soakwell.* Dear Widow, thou has made me drink Coffee till it has dulled my brain, I must beg of thee to let me have my usual glass of Rum.

*Bluster.* God forbid I should refuse my noble Captain any thing I was Mistress of. *(rings the Bell.)*

*Enter SNUFF.*

*Snuff.* Did your Ladyship call.

*Bluster.* Yes; bring the Captain his small dram cup, the gill one, *Snuff.* I have spoke to the Captain about his Coxswain Trip, he tells me he will engage thou shalt have him.

*Soakwell.* On my Honour Mrs. *Snuff.* he is a cleaver young Man, and I shall soon prefer him and give you something towards housekeeping.

*Snuff.* I am highly obliged to your Honour, and my Lady *(Courtesy)* I think I must turn honest and not act on my young Husband. *(Aside.)*

*Bluster.* My Maid *Snuff* Captain will make an excellent Wife, she is a very sober and industrious Girl, and dare say a pure Virgin.

*Soakwell.* That's more than I will say Widow, I believe the

( 21 )

the Girl may do, the Sailors are not difficult about their changing Wives.

*Enter SNUFF, with a Silver Gilt half pint Cup of Rum, on a Gilt Salver*

*Soakwell.* Here Mrs. *Snuff*, my dear Widow to our mutual and lasting felicity, and another Heir. *(sups it all up)* Ha! ha! ha! ha! By G-d Widow, thy rum is *wult faß*, it makes me puff, before Mrs. *Snuff*, I have the same Cup and liquor when we turn in, in the Night.

*Snuff.* Yes and please your Honour, with an additional cup of Viper Broth *(Curtisying)* the better to do your duty to my Lady noble Captain. *Aside.*

*Soakwell.* Widow, thy Maid *Snuff* is a smart lass, she knows the meaning of Viper Broth dear Lady, Ha! ha! ha! the Wench has set me on the nettle, I must have one close hug, dear Widow, thy Rum causes my blood to circulate thro' my whole body. *Salutes.*

*Bluffer.* Fy Captain your long kisses are not agreeable, Come, come, you'll have time enough to take the rust off your Stomach.

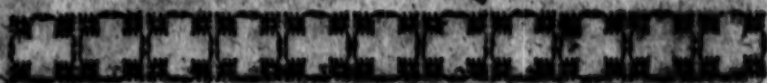
*Soakwell.* Thon dear creature, when a breach is made in a fortress, 'tis not difficult storming the castle, and taking a quiet possession to the Generals entire satisfaction; Widow I must take my leave for to prepare things suitable to our quality, my dear soul your devoted. *Exit Captain Soakwell.*

*Bluffer.* The Captain is really an honest true hearted man, and I hope we shall be happy, besides he has a handsome fortune and his Commission, which will entitle us to keep an Equipage: Love, Money, and grand Equipage, are the fair Sex's entire delight.

*End of the Second A C T.*

A C T,

7-9



## ACT, IN. SCENE, I

*Opens and discovers Parser FREEMAN, Boatwain WHITE, TLE, and Carpenter RULE, with a Punch Bowl and Glasses, Pipes, and Tobacco before them.*

**FREEMAN.** On my word gentleman I never was so used since I knew the world, and I believe you were the same.

*Whistle.* On my life Parser, I could not have thought his Lordship wou'd have spoke to his Officers as he did, I think he had no reason; D—n it here's to you, and let us drink and drown'd our resentment in our generous Punch.

*Rule.* On my Soul I was d—nably vex'd, but what can a naked Man do against one that is armed, just as the difference between a Rich Man, and a Poor one.

*Enter RED FACE.*

*Redface.* Gentlemen let you merry, 's blood 'tis cold weather, but there's a brave prize brought in at *Spithead*.

*Freeman.* Drink Father *Red Face*, do you know what prize she is.

*Red Face.* No Sir; Gentlemen all your healths, and success to the British Flag, she's a large Ship, and looks to have been a Man of War.

*Whistle.* Thank you Father Full-moon, I hope in a little time we shall drain the *French Navy*.

*Rule.* We have sunk their *SUN*, and wish this may be the *MOON*

( 23 )

Moan, then the Mountains will have a total Eclipse among them.

*Freeman.* If we could manage them as well by land, as by sea, they wou'd soon lose the title of grand Monarch; Brother Officers, the *French* do not love punch so well as us, I wish they did, they wou'd then have less time for their d--n'd schemes.

*Redface.* Gentlemen do you chuse a slice of cold Ham, or Tongue: If you do it is at your service.

*Whistle.* For my part I am full enough, I have had more dinner than I can well digest, what do you say Purser.

*Freeman.* I am of your opinion Brother Whistle, for tho' it was part of a chicken, Be God it was tough enough for an old-cook, what say you Rele?

*Rele.* On my Soul I never had such a dinner in my life, and we must soon replenish the bowl to help the d--n'd digestion; Father Redface fill t'other bowl in the little room N<sup>o</sup> 7, and if any message for us, say we are just gone.

*Redface.* I shall gentlemen, and I hope my civil Tongue, that never did amiss and the Ham will set easy on your stomachs.

*Freeman.* Do so Redface, and add to your generosity two tender pullets, mind you cooks not capons, at our proper charge, and get them ready as soon as possible.

*Redface.* I will obey you gentlemen, and the sauce shall be strong and good.

*Exit Redface.*

*Whistle.* I can tell you brother Redface is not a bad fellow, and I'll engage if the Coxswain comes he'll give him the watch word, come gentlemen I believe a bit of a civil Tongue, will relish the punch better.

*Freeman.* I am of your opinion Whistle, lets begone this room too publick a view.

*Exit.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*Opens and discovers Lord MODISH with a Letter open in his Hand risen.*

*Modish.* Hell and Fury, what a rack I had like to have split on, and discovered by the Man I have so ungenerously treated, honest Freeman, my Purser, the letter says,

My Lord.

**W**ITH false pains I have found out what my Lady Gay is, a most notorious Whore, Gilt, and Imposture, and all her wares, her House Furniture, &c. is all borrowed, purely to put a most shamefull and dishonourable trick on your Lordship, and when I heard your Lordship was at the point of Marriage, with this Creature, my very Blood ran cold in my veins, but hope as I find this by a trusty Friend, it will come safe to your Lordships hands, and prevent the D—'d Gilt imposing on you, I am my Lord.

Your Lordships most Obedient,

and very Devoted Humble Servant

S. FREEMAN.

Good Purser I thank thee, and with great reason, good God, what an impending danger have I escaped, well no more thoughts of Matrimony at present, however, I shall shew a fair cut side to the Devil, and when she thinks she has me safe, she shall find her gross mistake, and that I have discovered her Borrowed Tide, as well as her Equipage, but here comes my Lieutenant.

*Enter Lieutenant AIRY.*

*Airy.* My Lord your Lordships most obedient; the Ship's unmoor'd my Lord: is not your Lordship well.

*Modish.* I can not say I am *Airy*, thou knowest after a great Tempest at Sea, 'tis some time before that Element becomes quite serene, so with me *Airy*, I have had a shock, that has put  
all

( 23 )

all my Body in an uproar, therefore cannot suddenly compose my Fabrique, but I will go on board with you, and in my cabin relate to you the reason of my discomposure. *Exit.*

## SCENE, III.

*Enter Mist WISEMAN.*

*Wiseman.* Certainly a true and honourable love is most heavenly, I feel all my thoughts serene, as the Sky in summer, when neither clouds, or winds interpose in happiness.

*Enter Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Madam, my Lady *Bluster* desires to see your Ladyship.

*Wiseman.* Desire my Lady to come in. *Exit Lucy.*

*Enter Widow BLUSTER.*

*Bluster.* Lady *Wiseman* I joy to see you, and much more Madam to hear you are this day to be made the happiest Woman in the Kingdom, I mean Madam to be the Lady of the noble, and vallent Sir William *Bluster*, who has this Ward distinguished himself in the service of his King and Country, on which Madam I come purely to congratulate you.

*Wiseman.* I am infinitely Obliged to your Ladyship, I must confess the world rings of the laurels of Sir *William*, and believe honest gentleman he is not the least puffed up with all their encomiums, I hope your ladyship will permit me to return the congratulation between you Madam, and the brave Captain *Seakwell*, whose country is not unsensible of the many services he has done, both in the late and present War.

*Bluster.* Madam I am highly obliged to you, I must own Captain *Seakwell* is esteemed a valliant man, and believe will make a Lady happy in a good Husband, that's what we all aim at, with for, and what can we desire more.

*Wiseman.* No Lady can beg a greater blessing from Heaven.

D

ven,

even, and I wish Madam all young Ladies of merit and virtue could have it in their power to make their own choice of a Husband, for as 'tis for Life, the severe commands of Parents the restrictions they lay upon them, and heavy obligations to marry such Person perhaps not any ways suitable in years, but by reason his fortune is superior, she must have him, love him or not, to please the capricious humour of a Parent; or she is disregarded, and very often threatened to be turned adrift on her refusal: so the poor innocent young Lady comes a victim to her Parents, and renders her Life entirely miserable to please them.

*Blaffer.* On my Honour your Ladyship has spoke the naked truth, for I have known many instances of this nature, and instead of an Heir to inherit his Fathers Estate, the Ladies have broke their Hearts in less than six Months after such unequal, and unhappy Marriages, we call ourselves free Britains, and a free People, I could wish then our weak Sex had this important indulgence granted them, as your Ladyship wisely observes where they like; then the Marriage Bed would be Honourable, but where there is no liking, ye Gods, how obnoxious, and hateful must it be to Bed with the Man I can not love, 'tis worse than Death, nay nothing bad enough can be compared to it my dear Lady.

*Woman.* I am glad your Ladyship, and myself jumps to appropo in Opinion, and that the good providence has taken that care of us to grant us that Man we Love, may we always remain mindful of this great and inestimable Blessing; I think it will not be amiss Madam as we have been on the serious subject, to divert ourselves at one game at Hunter.

*Blaffer.* With all my Heart dear Lady, 'tis a Game I much admire, and by the time our Game is done, we shall have a more pleasing one to begin.

SCENE,

SCENE IV.

Enter Coxswain, Trip, and Snuff.

*Snuff.* Indeed Mr. Trip, I perceive you are for Boarding, without giving any Broadside to know whether the Vessel may strike or no.

*Trip.* My Dear Girl 'tis always the best way to make sure work; there's nothing like Boarding at once, what signify's spending Powder and Ball at waste, I have but little time to spend my Girl, and if thou likes me and I like thee, lets strike the Bargain, and the same Priest that marries the Mistress, shall marry the Maid why shoud we not follow the example of our betters.

*Snuff.* But you are in such a hurry Mr. Trip, things done in a hurry that are of moment, I have heard have been too often repented when at leisure.

*Trip.* Well my Girl if you will not come too I shall not waste powder and Ball for nothing, (going) Mrs. Snuff I am your most humble servant.

*Snuff.* Stop Mr. Trip, one word and then; suppose I shoud consent, woud you make me a good Husband.

*Trip.* By my Soul Girl, as ever swam Salt Water thou shalt have my Will and Power, to receive every thing belonging to me, Death if that's not Honour what is Honour, come one Sweet But Mrs. Snuff. God thou Killes as sweet as the Rose in June, come tell me at once for to morrow we Sail, so I have but one poor Nights Lodging with my Dear Girl, and then to the Sea my Soul, to bring thee Treasures of Gold.

*Snuff.* Well; I think I must e'en venture on you Mr. Trip take my Hand, but don't squeeze it, pray make me a good Husband, or I will make you a Member of Horn Fair.

(Aside.)

*Trip.* Come now you are my Wife I must have my fill of Kisses, and this Night my Girl we'll have a merry jig, faith I broughen a Ring with me take it my Girl, for our Captain said I shoud be Married to keep him company.

D s

*Snuff.*

*Snuff.* And be sure put him in mind of his promise, to give us something towards Housekeeping.

*Trip.* Ay my Dear Life to be sure, and hope thy Mistress will follow his Noble example, but I must take my leave of you adieu, sweet Chicken one Kiss more (looking back) come one more, and then I go. *Exit Trip.*

*Snuff.* A smart young Fellow indeed, well as he behaves so will I, --- a good Jack makes a good Gill. *Exit Snuff.*

*Enter Two Bailiffs in Footman's Dresses,*

*1<sup>st</sup> Bailiff.* Mind *Snuff*, 'tis this House there to be at, She goes by the Name of Lady Gay, as we are dressed in Livery, they'll take us to be some attendance of the Officers.

*2<sup>d</sup> Bailiff.* So they will Brother *Ketch*, I have the Warrant ready at the suit of *Timothy Pinchwell*, Pawnbroker and Tallyman, look at it.

*1<sup>st</sup> Bailiff.* Stand up in the corner here they all come.

*Enter Lord Mopish, Sir WILLIAM BLUNT, Captain SOAKWELL, Lieutenant AIRY, Purser FREEMAN, Boatswain WHITTLE, Carpenter RUBE, JOLLY, and TRIP, and Several Sailors, Parson, Lady Gay, Miss WISEMAN, Widow BLUNTER, PINWELL, SNUFF, and Lucy.*

*Modish.* This is a happy day for some. O dear Sir William, and my old friend *Soakwell*. I most heartily congratulate you on your approaching happiness, entirely to be wish'd for but God forbid Covited.

*Gay.* My Lord, your Lordships cool behaviour surprises me, why this strange and sudden alteration, not one word, Heaven's, what's the matter, all's lost I fear *Pinwell*.

*(aside to Pinwell)*

*2<sup>d</sup> Bailiff.* Moll Confidence, alias *Bracen*, alias *Kelly*, alias *Traffick*, alias Lady Gay, I have a Warrant against your said Ladyship for Two Thousand Pounds Sterling Money of Great Britain, at the Suit of *Timothy Pinchwell*, Pawnbroker

( 29 )

broker, and Tallyman, *Kitch*, assist me with the Prisoner.

*Blair*. Amazing, Lady *Gey*, a common Woman of the Town. Ye God's who cou'd have thought it. *She stands.*

*Modst*. Help the poor Devil, her grandeur is all over now; ye Sir *William* I just now learned the plot time enough to save my Honour, to *Evans* Purser I am bound to thank; however as the case is so bad with this unfortunate Woman, *Bailiff*, will you take One Thousand Pound, and clear the Prisoner.

*1st. Bailiff*. My Lord we can't take no less then the full Money, or sufficient Bail.

*Modst*. I can spare no more, I am sorry for the Creature I must confess, and would freely pay the whole cou'd I do it with conveniency.

*Blair*. My Lord your generosity shall not be balked, I will pay Right Hundred more will that do Officers.

*2d. Bailiff*. No Sir. we are Sheriff's Officers, and are sworn to do our duty, and give large securities for the due performance of it.

*Seawell*. S'blood before we will be chagreen'd by this unfortunate poor Woman, I'll be the Two Hundred Pounds, loose the Prisoner, hands off her; now my Girl live and repent, but never aim so high again, lest like *Pharon* thou art utterly destroyed.

*Gey*. Cursed be the Hour of my Birth, by Man I was first betrayed, and lost the nobler part of my self, my virtue, and since then gava loose to all the vicious inclinations that Sex can boast of, but Oh! My Lord, and you Gentlemen. (Cursing) I hope Heaven has still Mercy for a wretched but repenting Sinner, and on my Knees, I swear never never more Man to know, but in some poor Cottage dwell and end my Days.

*Modst*. Rise Girl, and pray Heaven to forgive thee as I do. Ladies I must become a petitioner to you in the behalf of this unfortunate poor Woman.

*William*. One Hundred Pound I'll give her, and hope She may live to make a good use of it.

*Blair*.

*Baron.* My Lord I will do the same, and God send she may become a true and sincere convert.

*Say.* My Lord, Gentlemen, and you Ladies, your Goodness shall by me never be forgot, and when the Sun Beams shine upon those Hills, then will your poor Distressed Creature tear her curls, and may Heaven pour down on you all the Blessings you deserve, and may time never deface this most noble Action to save a wretched Woman from impending Misery.

*Baron.* My Lord, your Lordship's Wedding is happily finished I see, but Sir William's and Captain *Seakwell* wants a little of my assistance.

*Sauff.* Yes Doctor *Gripwell*, and I and please your Reverendship, have a small Job for you. *(Curtseying)*

*Seakwell.* God that's right *Sauff*, where's *Trip*? Hoy *Trip*, *Trip*.

*Trip.* I am here and please your Honour, I told *Sauff* what to say, I love to follow my betters good example, and a good Wife is like a good Sailing Ship and please your Honour, difficult to be got.

*Medish.* I hope Mr. *Trip* you and *Jolly*, and your Crews will give us one Merry Dance, and after the Ceremonies are over, you shall all have the liberty to drink your fill till Four to-morrow Morning, then every Man repair to his Duty, like good Sailors, as their King and Country Commands both us and you.

*The Sailors all Dance.*  
*Medish.* Thanks to you my Lads, there's a Guinea for you to drink, that you mayn't be idle.

*Sailors.* We thank your Lordship. *(Rousing each)*

*Medish.* Officers step in with your Prisoner, and we will soon Discharge both you and her, and I shall always remember that notable and true saying: All is Well, That ends Well.

FINIS.